

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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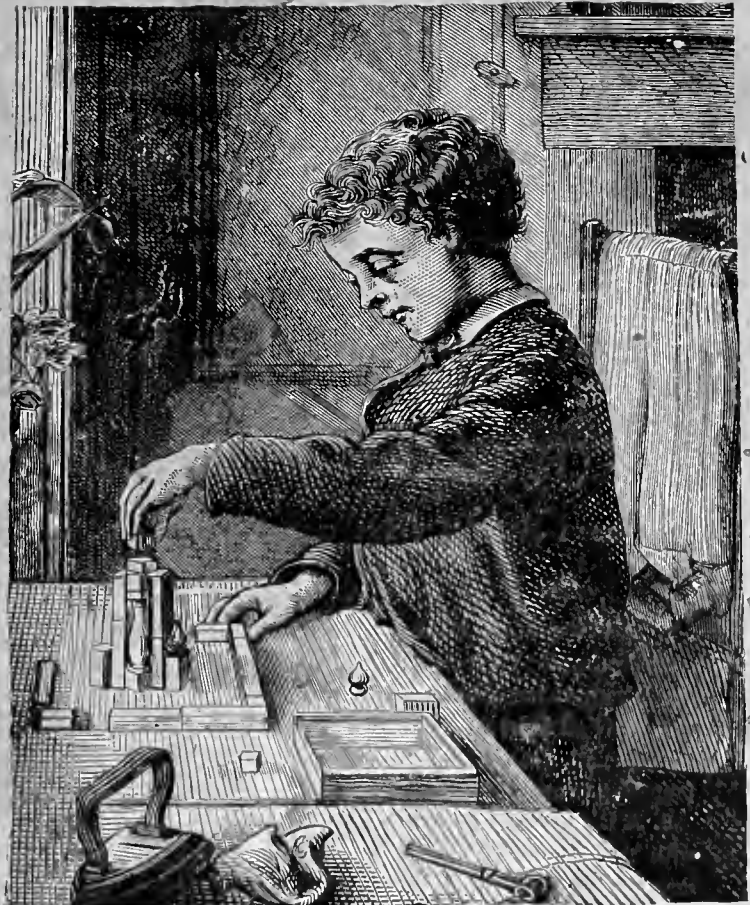
HOLINESS
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GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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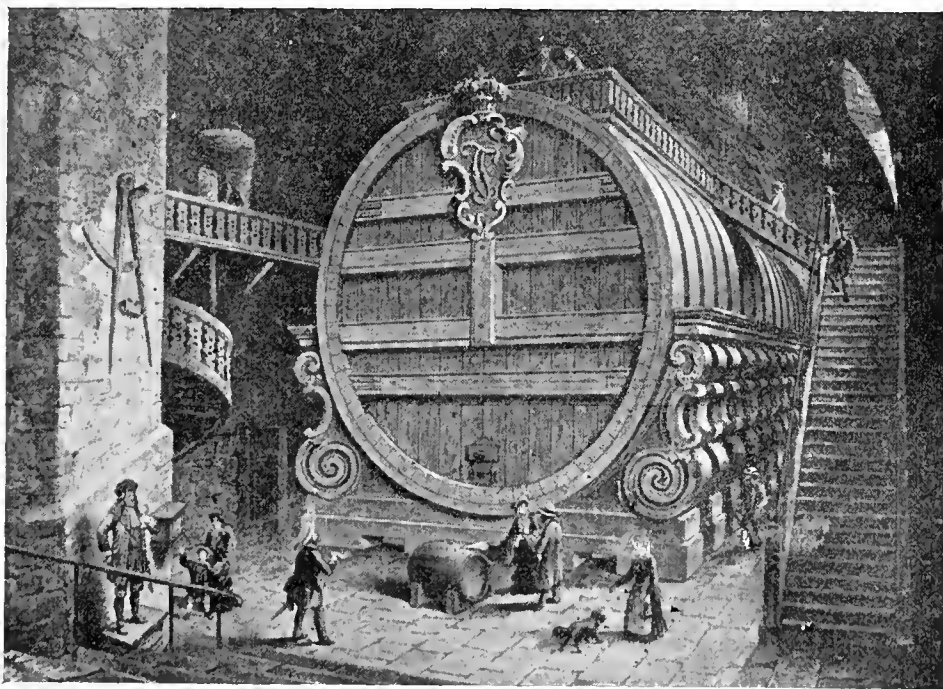
No. 19.

A HUGE BARREL.

In a past volume of the INSTRUCTOR was presented a view of the ruins of Heidelberg Castle, and accompanying the picture was a brief historical sketch

valley of the Neckar. The oldest university of Germany is that of Heidelberg, which was founded in 1386, and it is still one of the most celebrated schools of Europe.

There are other points of interest in



THE HEIDELBERG "TUN."

of this noted stronghold. Our young readers no doubt are aware that Heidelberg is a city of Germany, situated on the river Neckar. It is surrounded by wooded hills and vineyards. The castle is built on the hill-side overlooking the

this old town, but our intention now is to speak of the great cask represented in the engraving, and known as the Heidelberg "Tun." It is without doubt the largest wine barrel in the world. An idea of its immense proportions may be

gained from looking at the picture. This barrel is situated in the cellar of the old castle, where it has rested for hundreds of years. It is made of oak, and its staves are eight inches thick. Its length is thirty-six feet, and its height twenty-four feet. It has capacity to contain eight hundred hogshead, or fifty thousand four hundred gallons of wine. It is said that this huge barrel was filled with wine upon two occasions when the grape harvest of the neighborhood was unusually large.

The barrel is still found in the cellar of the castle, where it may be viewed as a curiosity by tourists who visit the old town.

HAVE YOU THE RIGHT?

PART I.

HANNAH MIDDLETON was ironing dresses, fluting endless yards of clear muslin, and pressing into proper folds the pretty, light calico that was to drape the forms of Mrs. Strathmore's daughters. These pretty, cheap fabrics are so becoming to young girls, but make so much work for somebody's patient fingers; and Aunt Hannah, who was only an adopted sister of Mrs. Strathmore, had taken the task upon herself today, because she found her foster sister almost ill, and certainly over-worked. Having persuaded her to go and lie down where it was dark and cool, Aunt Hannah set herself to work rapidly and effectually, while her mind was busy with her sister's perplexities.

Mary, an attractive girl of nineteen, the eldest daughter of the house, came into the room, and finding her aunt in possession, sat down in a chair near her. The girl's eyes were red and swollen

with weeping, and there was a general air of forlornness in her attitude and voice. She took possession of the chair like one sure of respectful sympathy, and laying her head on the table sobbed afresh.

"What is the matter, Mary?" Aunt Hannah asked, laying her hand in a kind, caressing way on the girl's bowed head, and gently stroking the waves of soft, brown hair.

"Dear Aunt Hannah, I am sure you noticed how mother looked this morning when you came," Mary said between her sobs. "Well I don't believe she feels one-half so bad as I do, and sometimes I think people who have lived a hum drum sort of existence for twenty years forget their own youth and leave all their ideals behind. Neither father nor mother have one particle of sympathy for me, and I don't believe you can understand what a dreadful position I find myself in, because you were allowed to marry the man of your choice;" and as her face was buried in her arms, she did not see the sudden paling and flushing of the delicate face of the older woman.

Aunt Hannah made no comment.

"Father and mother have refused to consent to a marriage between me and Charles Brown, and we think it is positively cruel. We have known each other all our lives, it is not like I had wanted to marry a stranger, and go away with him. He comes of a good family, and he belongs to the Church, and I think they are perfectly unreasonable," and the ready tears began to flow again.

"What objections do they make?" asked Aunt Hannah, cautiously. "I can't believe they would wish so thwart you unless the reasons for it seemed imperative. I have known both your parents since before you were born, and they are too good and true, and love

you too well to be even hasty in a matter of such grave importance."

"Oh, I know they are good and I know that they love me. They are a little too anxious about and tender of me, perhaps. And, really, it seems to me sometimes that they are so sternly upright that they lean a little backward. So good themselves that they have no sympathy or mercy for short-comings in others, and lay too much stress upon trifles that would soon adjust themselves after we were married and settled down."

"What trifles do you allude to, Mary?" Aunt Hannah's grave, kind eyes met those of the young girl, who suddenly sat erect, and assumed a defiant attitude.

"Well, he drinks a little," and father acts as though it were a hanging matter. You know that it is rather the exception than the rule, in good society, for young men, or old ones for that matter, to be teetotalers."

"I don't know exactly what you mean by 'good society,' but I suppose you refer to the class of people who are always found at the lawn parties, theatres, mask balls, card parties, etc., and it may be true of them, and I am sorry to hear it; but in the class of society in which I mingle, and I think it is the best, the men do not drink, neither the young nor old; your father and mother are 'good society,' and they do not drink a little, even, nor do they have card playing, and I am sure the social evenings here have always been most enjoyable. He smokes, too, I suppose?" questioned Aunt Hannah.

The girl nodded her head.

"Yes, they nearly always go together, resumed Aunt Hannah, and between them they undermine the constitution, weaken the will and destroy the moral

nature. Let's see, now, by your own confession your lover smokes, drinks, plays cards and the society he frequents, and into which he will take his wife, is of the same class. Now tell me what scrapes he has already been in, that I may be able to guess what he will do in the future."

"Oh! Aunt Hannah! You are as bad if not worse than father and mother. What a terrible indictment! Why he only does those things a very little, not enough to call them habits."

"Come now, dear, let's scan the whole situation honestly. Do not avoid my question. What scrapes has he already been in?"

"You are merciless," whispered the girl, as the red blood that had flowed over her face in a tide of shame receded, leaving her pale.

"There, you need not tell me, but we will say that he has already made one mistake of which you are ashamed to speak, and which you seriously regret."

"Yes," Mary answered, with downcast eyes, and a fluttering motion as though she would like to retreat.

"Stay, dear, I know you have the courage to face the truth. You would be very indignant if some one were to deceive you. Don't then, practice to deceive yourself. I would like to see your lover through your eyes now, see him just as you do. Tell me all his perfections, and what it is that attracts you so, and holds your affections in spite of the things we have been talking about."

"Bless you for that, Aunt Hannah," said the impulsive girl, with eager voice and kindling eyes. "You are the first person who has ever wanted to see the best side of him. In the first place he is very well educated, and has a fair law practice, isn't that practical and prosaic enough for you?" and she

smiled. "He is very handsome, in my eyes, refined and chivalrous. He has a way of deferring to me, and treating me, that I always feel that I am a—well a dutchess in my own right—when I am with him. And while I admire all these things and am proud of him because of them, it is not what I love him for, for I could truthfully say the same thing of at least a dozen of the young men whom I know. But I love him, Aunt Hannah, and it is not in my nature to love twice, and if my parents will not give their consent, I will live and die single, and so I have already told him."

"Has he asked you to disobey your parents, then?" questioned Aunt Hannah.

"How quick you are to jump at conclusions!" said Mary, almost fretfully.

"Have you ever seen him when he had had a drop too much to drink?" persisted Aunt Hannah.

"Only once, and he promised it should never occur again, and I believe him," she said fervently.

"Do you want me to speak very plainly to you, Mary? You have reached a crisis in your life and the rocks of despair lie in your pathway, and I will be glad to help you if I can, and you will let me. Have you the courage to hear me throug and weigh each thought as though it were dear Hattie, your beloved sister, we were discussing instead of yourself?"

"I think I have, for I feel sure you will be just to him and merciful to me."

"You have not said a great deal in his favor, dear, for education while it shows a fair share of mental capacity, is only opportunity and not achievement. The profession of law is a very trying one on a weak moral nature, and those who succeed are a very small per cent of the whole, and of those who succeed, only

one in a hundred can say truthfully, 'I am an honest man.' To be considered smart, and have lots of clients a lawyer must win his cases, right or wrong. I have often wondered how a pure woman with a fair knowledge of the Gospel would feel clothed and fed by the money that had been won by defrauding justice; or that was wrung from the necessities of poverty. As an example I once knew a case where the lawyers' fees for settling up the estate of two orphan children exceeded what it all sold for, and left them homeless and destitute. So I don't think much of his choice of a profession except that it is a great temptation to him to continue his bad habits and acquire new ones. His beauty is only a grace and not a virtue, even you will admit, and as to his refinement and chivalry, I would know better what estimate to put on them, if I knew how he treated his mother and sisters, and old women in general."

"How mercilessly you do knock over my little card houses, Aunt Hannah! It is well for him that he is not being tried and I his attorney, my defense is so poor."

"This is not a case of charges or defense, but a quiet investigation, Mary, and I trust we both look upon it in that light. There is one more statement that you made that we will now endeavor to understand. You say that you love him, and if that is true this is a serious question for you."

"Don't you believe me, Aunt Hannah?" Mary asked in hurt surprise.

"I believe you think you do, and perhaps you really do, we will leave that and go on to your next statement. You said it was not in your nature to ever love again. There is where you make a grand mistake. I can't believe you are so very different to the vast majority

of the human race. An empty heart will love again. Look all about you and see the evidence of what I tell you. Women lose their husbands by death, and in time form new ties just as sweet and strong as the old. Lovers are false, and the maiden pines awhile and then—"

"Don't! Aunt Hannah, you will destroy all my holiest ideals."

"Those you have learned from novels I wish to destroy. That is my most serious objection to the light literature you young people indulge in, it gives you wrong ideals. I know that a good woman can't love, really love, a man one hour longer than she respects him. Do you think you could, Mary?"

"I—I hardly think I am prepared to answer that question now. Sometimes I have felt that if I knew Charles should turn out to be all that you hint is possible, that I love him enough to marry him and share his disgrace, poverty and even death itself rather than give him up;" and the eyes of the two women met and both of them were full of tears.

"There, the ironing is finished, come out with me into the garden, for I have a story to tell you that may help you to understand yourself and to determine your future with a full knowledge of what you are doing;" and Aunt Hannah linked her arm in that of the trembling girl and led her out into the cool shadows of the summer house.

PART II.

The two women seated themselves and for a space there was silence. Aunt Hannah's usually placid face was strangely agitated, but the younger woman was too absorbed in her own sorrow to notice it.

"When I was quite a young girl, Mary, there came to the town where I

then resided a young man who seemed to me an embodiment of all that was noble and desirable in a man. He taught our high school, and I was then about to graduate, and he became my teacher. It placed us at once on a respectful and rather an intimate footing. I had many poetic fancies, and romantic notions that I had been shy of expressing to my parents, for fear they would think me silly, but I soon found myself expressing all very freely to him. He suggested a course of reading and selected the most beautiful things that our modern poets have written, and read them to me himself. After I had quit school he came just as before, and we never quite passed out of the relation of teacher and pupil.

"Our courtship was carried on under the eyes of my mother, who approved it all, and seemed to share my happiness. I think I was as happy as woman ever gets to be during that second long, bright summer, when perfect confidence was established between us, and we were only waiting for my father to come home to be engaged.

"When father came home and was told the news by mother, (for my lover had gone to visit his widowed mother) he did not seem nearly so pleased as I thought he should be. He questioned me very closely about the family of my betrothed, and knit his brows and said very little when I confessed that I knew almost nothing about them.

"When John came back, he went to my father and they had a long talk and both looked disturbed when at last father shook hands with him at the front door, and dismissed him. But I heard my father say: 'My little girl must know the truth, and her decision must be final.' It chilled my heart, and banished sleep from my pillow, and when father

called me into the sitting room next morning and in mother's presence broke the awful news to me, I was so nervous that I controlled myself only with the greatest difficulty.

"'Daughter,' my father said in a tone of the deepest solemnity, 'the news I have to break to you is a solemn duty, or the words should not be spoken; and you will never know how great is the sorrow I feel for you. If I had been at home when Mr. Middleton first began paying you marked attention I would have warned you and perhaps prevented you from becoming so deeply attached to him. As it is, I can only tell you the whole truth and leave the decision with you.'

"The thoughts that were torturing me made the preface unbearable. I wondered if the man I adored had committed murder, or had served a term in the penitentiary. I begged my father to tell me at once, and tell me all; that I could bear anything better than suspense.

"That dear father took me in his arms, and I felt his tears fall on my hair while he said. 'Your lover's father is not dead but he is in a mad-house, and his father's father died a raving maniac, and the cause is a hereditary appetite for drink.'

"So little did I comprehend the awful significance, that I remember that I felt positively relieved. 'Well my John does not drink,' I said, 'and I do not care what his father has done, he should not be punished for it. What a great grief it must have been to him! I will try to make him forget it,' I said.

"'But the sins of the fathers sometimes descend upon the heads of the children,' my father said in a strangely embarrassed way, and seeing that I did not comprehend he said: 'Mother you

will have to explain to her what a child she is!' and left the room.

"Mother then tried to make me understand the laws of heredity, but was so delicately vague, that I did not know what she was talking about, until time and suffering had taught me.

"After that dreadful day nothing more was said on the subject and preparations were in full march for the wedding. Even the dress was finished, when Mr. Middleton came in rather late one evening, saying he had just called for a minute, and then sat and looked moodily into the fire for half an hour without speaking. After a trivial remark or two he arose to go and I followed him to the hall door, when he suddenly turned and took me in his arms and kissed me fiercely, and said: 'You will not desert me, will you, little one?' and without waiting for a reply was gone.

"Turn your eyes away from me, Mary, and do not look at me, for I never recall that hour without suffering terribly.

"He had been drinking! It was God's warning, but I did not have the strength and courage to accept it. Oh, how I prayed that long dreadful night through! Not as I should have done, but selfishly and rebelliously—prayed that God would make my desires His will, not that His will should be done in spite of my desires.

"Well I did not tell anybody about that, and the wedding took place. We moved into a comfortable little home, and I was happy—with a spice of vague uneasiness.

"Being separated from my mother, I took to reading, and in a friend's library I found a very comprehensive work on heredity. The lady laughingly remarked, as she gave it to me, 'You are married now, I guess it won't hurt you to read it, but I would not let a

young girl read it. The less they know about such matters the more easily they are settled in life.'

"I became intensely interested, and as I read, the full meaning of my father's apprehension was clear to me. I was bitterly angry that all that valuable knowledge had been kept from me when it could have done me good. Now it was too late. To what a fate had I condemned my children if God should give me any, and I knew that never again should I see a happy hour of married life.

"It was about this time that we all joined the Church and came to Utah. I found great comfort in bearing my cross as I felt God would approve. I can not tell you how it happened, the change came so gradually, but we changed places in some mysterious way. I no longer leaned upon him for strength and guidance as women love to do; no longer looked to him to shield me from hardships and cares, but found myself protecting him from all that would annoy or irritate him.

"When my little son was born I could not rejoice, and when his fragile health gave way at the touch of some infant illness, and I saw him die, I grieved with a breaking heart, and a deep thankfulness to God, that he had not lived to inherit his father's curse.

"The drinking habit grew upon my husband steadily. During the first two or three years he made spasmodic efforts to break it up, but it was too strong for him, and I finally ceased to hope. It was his misfortune, and I had made his misfortune mine. Life for me was a prolonged agony. It was during those dark days that I learned to value the depth and strength of a father's and mother's love. I think I should have gone insane if they had not stood by me.

"John's habits speedily disqualified him for teaching, and one situation after another was lost through lapses into drinking spells, and my father really supported us.

"My friends urged me to leave him, but his mother was dead and there was no one but me to take care of him, and although all the first love I had felt for him was dead, there was something left that made it impossible to desert him.

"The nights I waited in weariness and grief for him to come home to me drunk, and the nights I waited and he never came home at all, were each a separate chapter of horror. As the dark habit grew stronger his intellect grew weaker, and for years there had been no companionship between us. The lover who had read poems to me, had slowly died, and a thing of horror and despair had taken his place.

"One night he was brought home in such a condition, that the man who brought him called him a 'raving lunatic,' as we had to lock him in his room, and send for a doctor.

"It was only a temporary spell, but we all knew of what it was the dread forerunner. His violence and ravings added to what I was daily enduring made me very ill, and when my little daughter was born there was little hope for my life. But I struggled back to my blighted existence and lived to wring my hands and cry to God, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear,' for my baby girl was an idiot, with every appearance of being drunk. She died also and I laid her beside the other, with only one regret—that she had ever been born.

"We had to employ a man at last to watch him, as he had a perfect mania for being out at night, and anything like restraint seemed to vex him so.

"I need not go into the details, but he was accidentally killed, and we all felt that if he had been himself he would have been thankful that he did not live to die the death of his father and grandfather.

"Your father and mother know my story, and can you wonder that they object to a man who drinks? That you should fix the blood and lineage of your children forever in a family where the heredity is so undesirable? Do you know that Charles' father is quite a heavy drinker, in a quiet way, and has all his son's weaknesses exaggerated into vices, though his wealth veneers them with respectability?

"You might have a right, if you were willing to pay the terrible cost to throw your own life away, but have you any desire to be the mother of sons just like him; have you the right to do that?"

"Oh Aunt Hannah!" sobbed the girl, "I never dreamed your life had been such a dreadful tragedy."

"Open your eyes and look about you, and you will see lots of wrecked hopes and broken hearts among your every day acquaintances; girls who mistook their romantic ideals for the love God sends when He makes a marriage. Pray earnestly to Him to take this love out of your heart and make you worthy of a better one."

The shadows of night had closed about them now, till they could no longer see each other's faces. Aunt Hannah drew the girl close to her. "I want to say just a little more to you, dear, and then I can only ask our Father in Heaven to help you. You call my life a tragedy, but I see many women and men, where the effects of a wrong marriage is not so strongly marked as in my case, that seem to me even worse. Where the children live to the sorrow,

shame and humiliation of their parents. Do you not remember that God Himself has in the holy scriptures forbidden His chosen to mix with those whose heredity is not pure, and who come of rebellious ancestors?

"Now Mary, I dare promise you that if you will give up your will to God and be willing to sacrifice your present feelings to what He wishes you to do, that you will not only have a change wrought in your feelings, but you will live to be thankful that you escaped a stern and withering sorrow. Go to our Father with fasting and prayer—that is for your soul—and go into that home tonight determined to take the burden off of that dear kind mother of yours—that is for your heart and conscience. Work so hard that grief will have to take a back seat. Work in the line of duty, and to a proper end, is a panacea for many of the ills that flesh is heir to."

Drifting off into the details of what Mary might do to help her mother, and set a good example to the younger members of the family, they went back to the house, and Aunt Hannah did not see Mary for a month, and then Mary came to see her.

After their first greetings were over, Mary said:

"I have come to tell you all about how my engagement was broken. I did what you told me to, with a firm determination to do what was right if I could make up my mind what that was. The house work you prescribed worked like a charm in two directions. One was that I forgot half of my grief, and the other that dear mother brightened, and was so grateful that I was ashamed, and she thought of so many kind and considerate things to do for me that I was happy in a kind of home-made sort of a way, in spite of myself.

"I told Charles frankly that while father and mother objected we would have to wait. I declined to go out any more with him till the matter was settled, and it angered him very much. While he kept on going to all the gay places we had been in the habit of frequenting, I went to all our meetings and tried to get the right spirit. At last one night a good sister said, and I knew it was for me, that there were choice spirits held in reserve for the last days, and that they could not come in violation of God's laws, and therefore those who would not make themselves worthy could not have them. God would give them to those who would prepare lawful and proper condition for them. How many of you daughters of Zion realize your glorious opportunities—how many of you will sacrifice your vanities and idols for these inestimable blessings?"

"There was much more, but that was for me. I prayed earnestly that God would let me see the man as he was, and that he should not be able to conceal his true self from me, and a spirit of quiet peace took possession of me. As if in answer, as I stepped out of the young ladies' meeting he came up to me and offered his arm, and he had evidently been waiting for me.

"I took his arm and we walked home together. First he complained of my treatment and the stand I had taken. Accused me of being fickle, and goody-good. Then he sneered at my parents. He talked and I listened. I think perhaps I had allowed him to say such things of my parents before, but it had never sounded the same. Then he began picturing the ease and luxury of my life with him. He talked about his business affairs in a way that quite opened my eyes to much that was in his soul. Talked complacently of how he

meant to grab most of the estate as soon as his father was dead, and I know that he tried hard to quit talking and could not. At last he cursed himself for a long tongued fool and left me abruptly. With him went every particle of the love I had ever had for him, and yesterday I sent him back his ring, and I am free in the fullest sense of the word. I feel as though I had awakened from a bad dream.

"When the Lord wants me to marry He will have to send the man along, and give me a testimony that he is the right one, and I hope every girl placed in such a trying position will have an Aunt Hannah to help her.

Ellen Jakeman.

SHOOTING STARS.

WHAT are commonly called shooting stars, or meteors, are found on examination to be masses of stone or iron ore that abound in outer space. Upon reaching the atmosphere of our planet these masses take fire through friction with that element as they dart through it at terrific speed. The greater number of these are burned to ashes before they reach the earth, but occasionally they fall to the ground before being entirely consumed. Some of these have been found and examined, and thereby the nature of their composition has been learned.

It is too early, perhaps, to speak of what may happen in November, and yet we must remind you that, on the 12th to the 14th of that month, you may have a chance to see a perfect rain of shooting stars, for at that time the earth will cross the path of the Leonids, the largest shoal of meteors that we know, and the probability is that it will plunge

right into the shoal itself. This encounter takes place every thirty-three years, the orbit of the meteors being so great that it takes them that long to traverse it.

The width of the stream is estimated to be about 100,000 miles, and it is so long that, although it moves with a velocity of twenty to twenty-five miles a second, it takes about two years to pass the point where its path crosses that of the earth.

Our last encounter with the Leonids was in 1866, when the earth plunged into the stream near its head, and did not come out on the other side until five hours later. It happened that during that time the hemisphere containing the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa was in front, so that the great shower was not seen here. In 1867, however, when the earth had reached that spot again, the continent of North America was in front and as the meteors were still passing, we had the shower.

In 1833 the conditions were reversed, and this continent had the first plunge

right into the midst of the stream. We have often heard old people talk about that strange and awful sight. The whole sky was ablaze with streaks of light, and it seemed as if all the stars were falling. Superstitious people



SHOWER OF METEOROLITES.

thought that the last great day had come, and even those that were not superstitious were dumb with terror. This is not to be wondered at, for astronomy was not so well understood then as it is now, and such a spectacle had never been seen by most of the people then living.

At the time of the meteoric shower of 1833—November 13—the Latter-day Saints who were living in Jackson County, Missouri, were suffering severe persecution. Many of them were compelled to flee from their homes and wander about for days and nights on the prairie without shelter. The falling of these fiery meteors to them was a grand sight, and it gave them comfort; but to their enemies, stricken with a guilty conscience, it was one that caused them dread and terror.

We hope that our continent may happen to be in front next November, so that we may enjoy the full splendor of the shower. Let your minds be perfectly at ease about it, for the astronomers tell us that not a single meteor from these periodic showers has ever struck the earth. Occasionally we have such a visitor, but it is one of the nameless wanderers that are all the time sweeping around the sun, not in shoals, but as individuals. Myriads of these wanderers fall into our atmosphere every year, but only a few of them escape the penalty that nature exacts. Our atmosphere is our armor; but for it every living thing on the earth would soon be pelted to death.

MUSICAL TASTE IN ANIMALS.

SOME years ago my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were exten-

sive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener, Willy, he would lead him a chase generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden when Willy appeared, streaming with perspiration. "What is the matter, Willy?"

"Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what will I do? He won't let me catch him, you know," I said.

"Ay, but Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner, cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken, for he is always a-doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and cotch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." The halter

was soon round his neck and he went away to be harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots wha ha'e" he would listen, well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, or for instance the "Land o' the Leal," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That's not my sort of music." Changing to something martial he would return and listen.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrariest beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking time. Nancy be milked with them!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-pail. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music wherupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening, singing to mama. It was a double room with double doors.

She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large, white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came and sat upon the stone outside, listening. *Chamber's Journal.*

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

THE celebrated American statesman, Henry Clay, being nominated for the Kentucky legislature, was once addressing a crowd, when a party of riflemen, who had been practising, drew near to listen. They were pleased with the off-hand and attractive style of his oratory, but, backwoods-men-like, considered that there were other requisites to manhood, beside the capacity to talk. They wanted no representative who was not able to honor the Kentucky weapon, and do good service with the rifle. An old man in the company, who seemed to have the place of "spokesman" assigned to him, beckoned to Mr. Clay to come toward him when his speech was finished. A candidate for office, who is soliciting the popular suffrage, must be very courteous; so he obeyed the signal.

"Young man," said the Nimrod, "you want to go to the Legislature?"

Mr. Clay acknowledged this. But he was not prepared for the next question.

"Are you a good shot?"

Now shooting has little to do with legislation, but a great deal depended

upon the favor of these marksmen. We are afraid that Mr. Clay had some mental reservation behind the reply that he considered himself a good marksman! But he was to be proved.

"Then you shall go to the Legislature," said Nimrod; "but we must see you shoot!"

There was no escape. Mr. Clay pleaded that his own rifle was at home, and he never shot with any other.

"No matter," said the hunter. "Here's 'Old Bess;' she never fails in the hands of a hunter. She has put a bullet through many a squirrel's head, at a hundred yards. If you can shoot with anything, you can with 'Old Bess.'"

"Very well!" said Mr. Clay, "put up your mark." There was no escape, and he was resolved to try, "hit or miss." The target was placed at eighty yards, and Mr. Clay, bringing the piece to his shoulder, pierced the centre—very much, we suspect, to his own astonishment.

"A chance shot!" cried his political opponents. "He can't do it again in a hundred times trying. Let him try it over!"

"Beat that, and I will!" said Mr. Clay. It was a fair offer, but no one accepted it; and he, leaving well enough alone, passed with the crowd as a good marksman.

President Brown of Norwich University, the military school at Northfield, Vermont, recently told of an amusing experience which fell to the lot of Admiral Dewey while he was serving as executive officer of the *Colorado* at the close of the Civil War.

"A new officer on board a ship," said President Brown, "is put through a 'course of sprouts' by the 'jackies'—the common sailors—who are pretty skillful at that sort of hazing. It is often disagreeable and embarrassing for

the new officer, but the sailors usually manage it so cleverly that they keep within the regulations.

"One of the rules on board ship is that the men shall not carry matches. A lantern is kept burning for the convenience of smokers.

"As young Dewey came on deck early one morning, one of the *Colorado's* roughest characters said to a shipmate who was confined with him in the 'brig,' or ship's prison, in a tone loud enough for Dewey to hear:

"'Bill, I've got some matches in my pocket, and I've a blamed good notion to burn this old ship under his feet.'

"Dewey didn't say a word, but immediately turned on his heel and rang the fire-bell, at the same time calling out, 'Fire in the brig!'

"Such an alarm, so early in the morning, before the men had tumbled out of their quarters, was unwelcome, but in a few seconds the decks swarmed with half-dressed sailors, who manned the four powerful fire-nozzles which protected the brig.

"Of course, Dewey, as executive officer, directed the streams, and in a few moments two very wet, very cold, very much disgusted and half-drowned sailors were howling for mercy.

"Dewey shouted: 'Fire out! Make secure!' Then he turned to the dripping sailors, and said: 'I guess those matches of yours are too wet to do much damage now.'"

Charles E. Tripler, the famous experimenter in liquid air, recently went to Boston to visit his friend Elihu Thompson, the electrical expert. He took with him a can of liquefied air. It was a simple looking can, and might have held baked beans or cold coffee so far as its outward appearance went. But it contained a fluid so cold that a cake of ice

acts on it like fire on water. It makes it boil. It is so cold that it freezes alcohol stiff, and turns mercury into a substance hard enough to drive nails with. It was a quart of the coldest thing on earth that Mr. Tripler had in this tin can, and he took it with him to luncheon, where he put it on the floor by his chair. They lunched in a hotel cafe, and ordered a steak. After it had been brought in and while the waiter's back was turned, Mr. Tripler lifted it from the platter, opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. When he put it back on the platter it was as hard as a rock.

"Waiter," called Mr. Tripler. "Come here." The waiter obeyed.

"What's the matter with this steak?" he asked anxiously.

And he lifted it from the plate by two fingers and struck it with his knife. The frozen meat rang like a bell.

"I d--d--on't k--n--now, sir," he faltered, and he started for the head waiter on the run.

Mr. Tripler, by the way, is one of the fiercest looking men in the inventing business. His moustache is of the pirate cut, and his eyebrows bristle and meet in the middle. Therefore, the head waiter approached with almost timidity.

"Do you serve your steaks like this as a rule?" asked Mr. Tripler, as he struck the time of day on it.

"It's that fool chef," explained the head waiter, as he started for the kitchen.

A few minutes later the chef appeared with the head waiter. He recognized the steak by sight at once. Then Mr. Tripler took it up and made it ring again.

"Mercy! Gracious!" ejaculated the chef, piously crossing himself. "I didn't do it, sure!"

Then Mr. Tripler smiled, and Mr. Thompson laughed. A new steak was

ordered, and the frozen one was carried below to fool the rest of the kitchen.

LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF OUR LEADERS;

Or Examples of Practical Religion.

III.

"THIS is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

This commandment to love one another, given by the Savior to His disciples, has been exemplified in our day by the leaders of our Church; and some have even shown that love to the extent of laying down their lives for their friends. The most notable example we have in latter times is that of the Prophet Joseph Smith himself.

In his last public speech, delivered in Nauvoo, June 18, 1844, the Prophet expressed his willingness to sacrifice his life for the people he loved. The Prophet was addressing the Nauvoo Legion, and was upon this occasion dressed in full uniform as its commander. In the course of his remarks he drew his sword, and, presenting it to heaven, said: "I call God and angels to witness that I have unsheathed my sword with a firm and unalterable determination that this people shall have their legal rights, and be protected from mob violence, or my blood shall be spilt upon the ground like water, and my body consigned to the silent tomb. While I live, I will never tamely submit to the dominion of a cursed mobocracy. * * * I do not regard my own life. I am ready to be offered a sacrifice for this people."

This declaration was no idle boast uttered to enthuse the people or win their applause. It was prophetic in its character. He no doubt had at this

time a premonition of his approaching death, for he expressed his conviction a few days later that if he and his brother Hyrum were ever taken again they would be assassinated.

Knowing that his life was sought, the Prophet wisely suggested that he withdraw from Nauvoo. By this act the attention of the mob would be attracted away from the city and the Saints would be left unmolested. He crossed the Mississippi with the intention of carrying out this proposition, but no sooner had he gone than some of his misguided friends, entreated him to return, suggesting that it was cowardly to leave the place at that time. But they were sadly mistaken in their judgment of his motives. Joseph was no coward. He felt that if his life could be spared he might be of further service to his people whom he loved more than he did his own life. As an evidence that he was not actuated by cowardice in his intentions to leave the city, he at once returned, notwithstanding the fact that he knew he would meet his death by so doing. "We are going back to be butchered!" he remarked as they were returning.

The evening of his return to Nauvoo he sent a letter to the governor of the State, telling him that he would be at Carthage the next day, where his presence was demanded by that official. There was no legal reason for requiring the Prophet's presence at Carthage. He could yet have taken refuge in some place of safety, and protected himself from the power of the mob that sought his life. But he willingly gave himself up, feeling that to remain in Nauvoo would bring the vengeance of his enemies upon the whole people. That he was fully aware of his impending fate is apparent from the remark he made while on the way to Carthage: "I am going

like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offense towards God and towards all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me—he was murdered in cold blood."

It is unnecessary to relate here the circumstances of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum; but it may be stated that the Prophet's last act in life was one of love and consideration for his brethren. It will be remembered that the Patriarch was shot first, and then Joseph, thinking possibly to save the lives of his companions, Elders John Taylor and Willard Richards, who were in the jail at the time it was surrounded by the mob, leaped from the window in order to draw the murderous fiends from the interior of the jail. This act had the effect anticipated and the lives of Elders Taylor and Richards were spared.

It can be truly said of the last named Elders, as well as of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, that they too manifested a willingness to lay down their lives for their friends, thus showing the depth of their love; and the Patriarch actually did give his life with that of his brother's. The presence of Elders Taylor and Richards in the jail was for the purpose of rendering the prisoners the assistance they could. Through their love for the Prophet and Patriarch they risked their lives, by accompanying them in their imprisonment, but through the providence of the Lord they were spared to continue their noble mission in the flesh.

Many other instances of self-sacrifice for the love of their friends might be related of the leaders of the Church, as such instances are not rare among the Apostles and Prophets and Saints of these latter-days. *Edwin F. Parry.*

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**TAKING LIFE UNNECESSARILY.**

WHEN the day arrives each year that the law permits people to shoot ducks, etc., men and boys sit up all night or camp out all night to be ready to commence the work of slaughter as soon as it is light enough to see the game. Many sportsmen pride themselves on the number of ducks they shoot and exult over the havoc they have made among these birds. The day when the law permits this to be done is watched for with great interest in all parts of our State, and men and boys are eager for the time to come when they will be free to kill all they can see. The result is that thousands of these fowl are slain and many also wounded who are never caught, who probably linger in pain till they die.

The majority of people see no harm in this. They do not think it wrong to kill a duck, and if in trying to kill it they only wound it and the fowl escapes, their consciences do not prick them, though if all were known about the poor bird it would be seen, probably, that it had suffered great pain.

The question naturally arises in thinking minds, Is this right? Is this humane? Is it proper conduct for Latter-day Saints to indulge in?

Upon this point there need be no doubt, for the Lord Himself has spoken with great plainness respecting the killing of His creatures, for He says:

"Wo be unto man that sheddeth blood or that wasteth flesh and hath no need."

"The question, therefore which every sportsman should ask himself is, Have I need? Am I or my family hungry? If so, of course man is justified in killing animals or birds to satisfy his or his family's hunger. But if he has not any want of meat he "sheddeth blood," and he exposes himself to this wo which the Lord has pronounced. It is not only wasting flesh that is pronounced against, but the shedding of blood. Of course it may be said that men, in hunting, if they kill a large number of ducks or birds, either sell them or give them away to their friends. In such cases the wo pronounced does not apply in its full force to them, because, although they shed blood, they do not waste the flesh: it is eaten and not thrown away.

But, while this cannot be condemned without qualification, it is the spirit of destruction that we deplore and that we wish to call attention to—the disposition to destroy life and to slaughter the creatures which God has created, for the sake of sport. This is not right, and we hope the boys who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will not yield to this spirit.

A good illustration of the feelings the Prophet of God had on this subject is found in the "Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith." On one occasion, while his tent was being pitched at the camp, during the journey of Zion's camp from Kirtland to Missouri, three rattlesnakes were seen, and the men were about to kill them. This is the common course always taken by people when they see rattlesnakes. Almost everyone thinks it his duty, if he can do so, to kill snakes of this kind; but the Prophet Joseph did not have these views. He forbade the men and told them they must not kill them. He asked the brethren how

they could ever expect the serpent to lose its venom if the servants of God made war upon it, with a desire to kill. His own language was:

"Men themselves must first become harmless before they can expect the brute creation to be so. When man shall lose his own vicious disposition and cease to destroy the inferior animals, the lion and the lamb may dwell together, and the suckling child play with the serpent in safety."

It was during that same journey that a circumstance occurred that showed how true his words were. One of the members of Zion's camp (Solomon Humphreys) laid down on the prairie one day to rest. He fell asleep. While he slumbered a large rattlesnake crawled up and coiled itself between him and his hat, which he held in his hand. When Elder Humphreys awoke he found the serpent's head not a foot from his own. He did not harm it, and when some others attempted to kill it he stopped them, saying, "No, I will protect him, for he and I have had a good nap together." The rattlesnake made no attempt to strike.

The lessons we would like to give our little readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in these "Thoughts" of ours is, avoid killing animals and birds when there is no necessity for it; and let snakes also live, and not imagine that it is our duty to destroy them, or anything else that has life.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE were heavy hearts in the Argyle household. The parents had agreed in their early married life that they would

both keep the Word of Wisdom, in order that they might claim the promise, and keep death and sickness out of their household. It was so they had read the simple and beautiful revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants, and they both felt a firm faith that no fatal disease could attack their children.

Yet Allan grew worse hourly!

The Exile and his wife—God bless such true and faithful hearts—were constant and untiring in their aid and attendance. One morning the Exile came in as usual and found Allan propped up in bed whittling with his precious knife.

"Hello, my boy! at work, are you? How are you?"

"I'm better." It was the child's usual answer. Always better!

"Of course you are! Why you'll soon be up and knocking around here, and we won't be able to keep track of you. What are you whittling, my son?"

"Oh, I'm making a cane for my Uncle Frank in Utah."

"Well, that's fine. What a lot of canes you can make when you get well, eh? One for each of your uncles, and some even for your aunts, hey?"

Though Allan's sweet little lips were wreathed into smiles, there was no sound of laughter. The voice was hushed and almost gone. Only a whisper was left!

"Allan had quite a dream last night," said the mother as she tenderly re-adjusted the pillows about the little form.

"Indeed!" said the Exile, his brown eyes beaming with kindly interest upon the cheerful little sufferer. "And what was your dream?"

"Oh, I dreamed I saw a man flying up in the sky, and he had an umbrella up and was flying right into the window. And I threw away my knife, and Tommy, found it."

The Exile looked at Mrs. Argyle, who asked Allan,

"What was the man dressed in, and what was the color of his umbrella, dear?"

"Oh, black, of course," replied the child, adding as he always did in relating the dream, "and I threw away my knife, and Tommy found it."

The dream impressed the mother with sad foreboding. The black, cloudy covering over the dark angel who was flying into their window it seemed to her trembling heart was the wings or the shadow of death.

"How do you feel about Allan?" she asked the Exile, as she followed him out into the little porchway.

He drew himself up a little by his hands on the porch frame, and avoiding her eyes he answered,

"Oh, Allan's going to be all right."

The mother tried to draw comfort from the forced cheerfulness of her friend, and turned into the room to answer the tinkle of the little bell rung by the sick child.

That evening Papa Argyle sent Tommy out to gather in his chips, and the little fellow objected, as usual.

"Go along," urged the father, as he pushed him forward.

Tommy set up a most doleful howl.

"Mama," whispered Allan to his mother who bent over him, rubbing with tireless yet cramped hands the suffering little body, "I wish I could do that."

"Do what, dear?" asked his mother.

"Get the wood." Then after a pause, the meek voice whispered, "I'll never do that any more."

The words and tone struck the mother's heart with a crushing prophecy. But she would not give up.

"Not till you are well, dear; then you

can chop wood again, can't you? When you're well again, you can."

"Yes, when I'm well," he repeated wearily.

The last thing that evening, Allan asked to be lifted up to watch the sea-side road to see if Brother Davis was coming with the wanges. And again were mother and child sorely disappointed.

"Is he coming, Mama? Is he coming?" I can't see. It's getting dark."

"No, dear. It must be our kind Brother Davis has had some accident or trouble, else he would have been here long ago."

And then the mother laid the little one down upon the bed, for his strength was ebbing fast.

The Elders had complied with the Exile's request, and a sister would sit up half the night with the mother, and a brother would take a turn with the father the last half of the night.

There was nothing to do; it was supposed the child had contracted bronchitis as he had a slight cough and his breath was labored and very rapid, while his voice had grown huskier and huskier.

All that night the mother rubbed the panting breast with oil, and whispered into the dim ears tales from the store of memory as the child asked for this or that. And while her heart was breaking, she still controlled her voice while she sang "I walked and I walked," and, "Joseph Smith's first prayer."

The father insisted on her lying down on the bed for an hour or so, while he took her place and rubbed the heaving body. But the mother's voice still sang softly into the dying ears the story of Joseph Smith's first prayer.

And ever and anon the fluttering voice would whisper "Sing, again Mama, sing again."

At daylight the Exile came, and, mute with grief, he took his place near the solemn bed. Shortly after, Sister Hale and Sister Davis came in, and they, too, were wordless with tender sympathy and grief. Not a word or sound within except the fluttering breath upon the little lips.

Outside the rain poured in steady, monotonous streams, falling upon the iron roof with terrible distinctness; to the mother, the sounds beat upon her heart with crushing sorrow. She could scarcely hear the failing breath for that ceaseless patter upon the roof.

Suddenly the child tried to raise himself up as he whispered huskily,

"Tommy, Tommy!"

"He is calling his little brother," said Sister Hale.

Again "Tommy, Tommy!"

And the thoughtful sister, divining his wish, ran out and brought Tommy.

They held Tommy up to kiss his brother's dying lips, and in a few moments more the panting breath had ceased, and there was no sound within but the heavy tread of the father as he walked over to the lifeless form of his first born son.

The mother's quick ear caught a whispered remark made by Sister Davis to her sister: "Edna's Robert died just the same way exactly."

Stupidly the mother turned over the remark in her mind, "like Robert!" But that could not be, for Robert died of membranous croup!

Stupidly the mother sat. She was too stunned for tears, too heartbroken for noisy demonstration. Why was it? Had they not kept the Word of Wisdom? And what was the promise? Stupidly she got up and went out into the kitchen to perform the accustomed tasks. Others might weep! But no tears came

to her aching eyes. She must work! There was no time for weeping. Bread must be mixed. Dinner prepared. And where were the kindlings?

There was no Allan now to run with willing feet. Stupidly she went out into the yard to get the chips herself; she looked for the woodbox, for it had been missing for over a week. A little search revealed it, upside down under the house. She turned it over! Oh me! A whole pile of kindlings fell out, stacked up and hidden by Allan's precious hands while Papa was away, with which to surprise him.

The father found her there, sitting by the box, and weeping bitterly.

"See, Papa, he did this while you were gone," she explained, overcome with the love and thought for them both which was so much a part of the child.

"Never mind, Jane; come away. Let me make the fire."

They let the distracted mother work about the house, for it was her only relief to busy herself so that her thoughts were not so insistent; but Sister Hale took charge of the little one's preparation for burial. Her tender, careful hands, assisted by the other kind sisters, fashioned the simple white suit which clothed the marble form.

That night the mother and father laid themselves down, but spent the night in prayer and tears.

Next morning at daylight the mother arose, and as she stepped to the door to look out upon the sea, she saw upon the porch a package. It was the oranges! Brother Davis had come in the night! They are here, Allan, they are here, but where are you, my darling?" moaned the mother, as she bent above her confined darling.

Little Mary heard her, and crept to her mother's side. "What is it, Mama?"

"It is the oranges, dear; Brother Davis has come from Honolulu." And the mother's clasped hands were wrung up and down in the agony she would not voice.

"Allan don't need oranges, now, does he, Mama?"

"Oh no, no, no."

"Mama, let's divide them up with all the children on the mission, shall we?" asked Mary, hesitatingly.

The mother looked at her wonderingly.

"You know, Mama, they didn't give us any extra peaches for Allan; but maybe that's because we never give anybody things, except Ina and Helen."

"Out of the mouths of babies!" the mother muttered.

Then quickly gathering the great package she laid it on the chair and said,

"Hurry and dress, my pet, and do as you wish. Give them all around to every child on the mission."

Then after a moment's sad reflection, she added,

"Come, say your morning prayer, my darling, and ask God to help your mother to become a Latter-day-Saint, indeed, for now she is unworthy the name. And behold, she will learn from thee, for thou art in very deed a little missionary."

Homespun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 490.)

STATISTICS.

WE regret that our statistics for certain years are quite imperfect, and therefore somewhat confusing. It appears difficult for some of our officers to realize the

value and interest that attaches to these matters. On account of the deficiency we have thought it best to give only some sample years, when the reports were most perfect, and for this purpose have selected 1872 (the first year that a general statistical report was obtained,) 1879, 1881-2-3.

YEAR	Number of Schools reported.	Number of Schools not reported.	Number of Officers and Teachers	Number of Pupils.	Number of Officers, Teachers and Pupils.
1872	149	41	1,408	13,373	14,781
1879	265	19	4,998	39,761	35,759
1881	291	14	5,635	34,119	39,754
1882	305	15	5,995	35,665	41,660
1883	300	17	6,682	40,201	46,883

It will be observed from the above that the rate of increase is growing with marked rapidity. In the two years ending 1881, the increase was, 21 schools, 637 teachers, 3,358 pupils, while the increase for the two following years (ending 1883) was 72 schools, 1,040 teachers, 6,082 pupils. This shows that the increase of pupils during these two years was more than half the total of pupils in 1872.

With regard to the ratio of teachers and pupils, the above statistics show, approximately:

In 1872—1 teacher to $9\frac{1}{2}$ pupils.

" 1879—1 " $6\frac{1}{4}$ "

" 1881—1 " $6\frac{1}{20}$ "

" 1882—1 " $5\frac{1}{6}$ "

" 1883—1 " $6\frac{1}{60}$ "

Or we may say at the present time (1884) about one officer to every six pupils.

According to the rate of increase during the past few years, the Sunday School attendance should number more than 50,000 at the close of 1884.

OFFICERS OF THE UNION.

First organization, November 11, 1867,

George Q. Cannon, president; Edward L. Sloan, secretary; George Goddard and Robert L. Campbell, corresponding secretaries; Brigham Young, Jr., Albert Carrington and George A. Smith, committee on books suitable for Sunday Schools.

June, 1872, George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, assistant general superintendent; John B. Maiben, general secretary; William McLachlan, general treasurer.

In August, 1875, Elder Maiben having been called to be Bishop at Manti, resigned the office of general secretary and Elder McLachlan was appointed his successor. He acted as secretary and treasurer for a few months when he was called on a mission to New Zealand.

The vacancies thus caused were filled by the appointment of Levi W. Richards (Dec., 1875,) to be the general secretary, and George Reynolds (Feb., 1876,) the general treasurer of the Union. Elder Reynolds had been acting as auditor and treasurer, *pro tem*, of the Union. At the same time, (Dec., 1875) Thomas Champneys was appointed assistant secretary; and after his removal to Ogden John C. Cutler was appointed to that office and also to be assistant treasurer.

June, 1883, the organization of the general board of officers was made complete by the appointment of John Morgan to be the second assistant general superintendent of the Union.

January, 1884, the officers of the Union were: general superintendent, George Q. Cannon; first assistant superintendent, George Goddard; second assistant superintendent, John Morgan; secretary, Levi W. Richards; treasurer, George Reynolds; assistant secretary and assistant treasurer, John C. Cutler.

September 18, 1878, a finance, and

a publication committee were appointed. They were:

Finance Committee: John C. Cutler, Samuel L. Evans and George H. Taylor. On the decease of Elder Evans in May, 1881, Thomas E. Taylor was appointed his successor as a member of this committee.

Publication Committee: George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Levi W. Richards, L. Lula Greene Richards, and George C. Lambert. Abraham H. Cannon, by appointment, succeeded Elder Lambert as a member of the committee, after the departure of the latter on a mission to Europe, in November, 1882.

Sunday School Missionaries at large, (appointed Sept. 18, 1878,) Samuel L. Evans and William Willes.

Deseret Sunday School Musical Union, organized August, 1875; director, Prof. Charles J. Thomas.

The Musical Union was an organization of short duration; but the willing and efficient public services of Elders David O. Calder, Charles J. Thomas, Ebenezer Beesley, Adam C. Smyth, John S. Lewis, Thomas C. Griggs, George Careless, Thomas McIntyre, Joseph J. Daynes, Evan Stephens and others in promoting the musical interests of our Sunday Schools generally, well deserve remembrance in this brief review.

Numerous concerts have been given in this city and also in other places, that have been a success artistically and financially and an aid to the Union, or to the local Sunday Schools or other organizations for whose benefit they were given.

PUBLICATIONS.

4,000 copies, first edition, First Book for Our Little Friends.

5,000 copies, second edition, First Book for Our Little Friends.

5,000 copies, third edition, First Book for Our Little Friends.

5,000 copies, first edition, Second Book for Our Little Friends.

7,000 copies, second edition, Second Book for Our Little Friends.

5,000 copies, first edition, S. S. Union Music.

5,000 copies, second edition, S. S. Union Music.

15,000 assorted Catechism Cards.

18,000 Class Registers.

5,000 copies, Joseph the Prophet.

The number of music cards published is not known, but we believe they amount to more than 150,000.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE PUBLICATIONS.

115,000 Catechism Cards.

2,000 "Sunday School Dialogues and Recitations."

88,000 Books of Faith Promoting Series.

10,000 Noble Women's Lives Series.

41,000 copies of miscellaneous publications.

There is yet another very agreeable incident in the record of the Union that must not be omitted. We refer to the collections taken up in our Sunday Schools for the publication in the Hawaiian language of Jaques' Catechism for Children.

By reason of the generosity manifested by the Sunday Schools at that time the Union was enabled to publish 2,000 copies of this work for the benefit of the children of the Sandwich Islands Saints, and to this we have added by their desire a large number of Sunday School report blanks in that language.

In conclusion we cannot but point with gratitude and pride to the results which, under heaven's continued blessings, the Union has already brought about, and to the bright and cheering prospects that

illumine our future and bid us persevere in the good work. To say that it has been a potent instrument of religious culture, of social refinement, and moral worth, a factor in the development of God's purposes, a bond of union among His people, a source of strength to the Church, and an aid to the Priesthood would, we submit, not be claiming too much; and this position is all the more gratifying when we consider how vast has been the labor performed and how slight has been the cost in dollars and cents, to the community. The officers, committees, etc., have been veritable workers without purse and scrip, and the funds that have been needed have been almost entirely raised through concerts, jubilees, etc. We believe, though perhaps in our zeal we may err, that seldom if ever have as great results been achieved with so small or so few contributions from the pockets of the people; and we trust in future reports to be able to state that our publication department has become self-sustaining, or, better still, a source of income to the institution. For we have an ardent desire to increase the value and number of our literary productions, and so continue until the works published by the Union shall become a power in the land for righteousness, and for our children's salvation—a power for God and His truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CONCERNING TITHING.

THE zeal, earnestness and power with which the doctrine of tithing has been preached to the Saints during the last four months by President Lorenzo Snow and those who have accompanied him to the various conferences, have caused a great awakening among the members of

the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is freely admitted on all hands that this awakening has been needed.

Under the present light it seems extraordinary, that such apathy and indifference should have prevailed on this most important subject. When the revelations respecting tithing are carefully read and the promises affixed thereto are understood, one views with some degree of amazement the carelessness that has prevailed upon this subject.

The Prophet of God has had this matter brought to his attention. The Lord has revealed His will to him. He has inspired him to call upon the whole Church to repent of their neglect of this duty. He has done so with great plainness and power. The people are now left without excuse. So free has he felt himself after delivering the word of the Lord to the people that he has told them in several places that he never expected to come and speak to them again upon this subject. That which he had told them he felt was sufficient to clear him from all condemnation if they continued to neglect their duty.

Public confessions have been made by speakers, speaking for themselves, that they have robbed God in not paying their tithing properly. Many have not only confessed their own sins in this respect, but they have confessed the sins of the people.

President Snow has been inspired to say to the Saints that, if they would repent and comply with the law in the future, their past offenses should be forgiven. But he has also said that if there was not a thorough repentance on this point the Lord will scourge the Latter-day Saints. This warning is of the utmost importance. It should be listened to by the people of God. Great thank-

fulness should be felt that the Lord has inspired His servant to give this timely warning.

It is a fact, easily proven in the Church, that those who have been most punctual in paying their tithing have been greatly blessed. Not only have they been favored with the Spirit of God, but they have prospered in other directions. The words of Malachi are not vain words and without meaning where he says: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts." The children of Israel, when they strictly observed this law of tithing, were always prospered. When they neglected it they suffered.

The liberal tithe payer binds himself and his family more firmly to the Church. This of itself is an extremely desirable result. Whatever a man or a family can do to bind themselves more closely to the work of God, is a great advantage in times of trial and temptation. Being thus bound by the interest they have taken in affairs, they are more likely to withstand temptation.

I remember having a conversation with President Young, at the time of the apostasy a number of years ago of certain prominent merchants from the Church, concerning their apostasy. There was one merchant who was approached by the others and solicited to join them in their attack upon President Young

and the authorities of the Church, but he resisted their approaches. There was no apparent reason why he should not have yielded as much as they did to those influences that prevailed with them. In speaking of this, President Young said he had had occasion to examine the tithing record of the merchants, and he had found that this man of whom we were speaking had paid more tithing than all the rest together. He attributed his escape from apostasy to this fact, and said that the Lord had blessed him with power to withstand temptation and remain true to Zion. This is an interesting fact, and one full of meaning and instruction. I think that the faithful tithe-payer will not be found among apostates.

The Editor.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

FOLLOWING is a suggestive program for local Jubilee celebrations of the organization of Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools in the Rocky Mountains, to be held Sunday, December 10, 1899.

Where arrangements can be made acceptable to the views of the Stake Presidents, Bishops or other presiding authorities, we suggest that a session be held in the morning and a session in the afternoon or evening.

PROGRAM OF MORNING SESSION.

- 1—Roll-call of officers and teachers.
- 2—Singing: "Come Join our Celebration," (Sunday School Song Book, page 25.)
- 3—Invocation.
- 4—Singing: "Song of the Workers," (Sunday School Song Book, page 57.)
- 5—Reading of the minutes of the previous session.
- 6—Administration of the Sacrament.
- 7—Introductory remarks by the Superintendent, followed by a brief history of the school, which shall be based upon the matter submitted

in the historical report made to the Deseret Sunday School Union.

8—Singing: "Sowing," (Sunday School Song Book, page 68.)

9—Introduction, by Assistant Superintendent, of the member longest on the roll of the Sunday School; of the oldest (in years) member of the Sunday School; of the youngest (in years) member of the Sunday School.

During these introductions the teachers may take the roll of pupils.

10—*In memorium.* Reading by Assistant Superintendent or Secretary of list of names of the prominent Sunday School workers (members of the ward) deceased, in the order of their decease.

11—Singing: "Land of the Blest," (Sunday School Song Book, page 11.)

12—Remarks by the Bishop.

13—Recitation by school of the "Articles of Faith."

14—Remarks by Stake Officer or others present.

15—Singing: "Zion is Growing," (Sunday School Song Book, page 50.)

16—Benediction by Patriarch if present.

AFTERNOON OR EVENING SESSION.

1—Singing: "Our God we raise to Thee," (Sunday School Song Book, page 198.)

2—Invocation.

3—Singing: "For the Strength of the Hills we Bless Thee," (Sunday School Song Book, page 196.)

4—Preliminary remarks by Superintendent or Assistant, explanatory of the two celebrations—the general one held in Salt Lake City, Sunday, October 8th, 1899, and the local one then being observed.

5—Singing or instrumental music.

6—Historical sketch of the organization of the first Sunday School in 1849. (See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.)

7—Singing of prize song: "Zion's Sunday School Jubilee Hymn."

8—Reading of paper on the Sunday School movement, illustrating its growth. (See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.)

9—Singing: "Thanks for the Sabbath School," (Sunday School Song Book, page 133.)

10—Introduction to the audience, by the Bishop, of veteran Sunday School workers present, and the officers and teachers of the school.

11—Brief remarks by a pupil of the theological department (representing the pupils of the school) appreciative of the labors of the officers and teachers.

12—Remarks by Bishopric and others.

13—Singing: "Gather Round the Standard

Bearer," (Sunday School Song Book, page 145.) and of the Doxology: "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," (Sunday School Song Book, page 200.)

14—Benediction.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO DETAILS OF LOCAL CELEBRATIONS.

1—Superintendents should arrange with the choristers some weeks in advance of the celebration for the efficient rendition of the music selected.

2—The Superintendency should have a thorough understanding with the Bishop or presiding officer, and with the officers and teachers of the school, as to this program in all its parts and details, with a view to obtaining a united understanding and action.

3—Suitably decorate the school or meeting house with old or new Sunday School banners, mottos, texts, flowers, evergreens, or other decorative material accessible.

4—Officers and others who have received Sunday School badges will wear them on this occasion.

5—Invite the Ward Priesthood, resident general or Stake authorities, the public and school, where the accommodations are sufficient, to be present on both occasions.

6—The Stake Sunday School officers and missionaries will be expected to be in attendance in their respective wards, and assist in the exercises.

7—Where only one session can be held select such numbers from each program as can best be presented at the one session only.

8—Be sure and have all arrangements completed before Jubilee day so that you can commence your exercises on time.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

George Q. Cannon, General Superintendent.
Karl G. Maeser, Assistant General Superintendent.

George Reynolds, General Treasurer.
George D. Pyper, General Secretary.

Leo Hunsaker, Assistant General Secretary.

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD.

George Q. Cannon,	Karl G. Maeser,
George Reynolds,	Thomas C. Griggs,
Joseph W. Summerhays,	Levi W. Richards,
Francis M. Lyman,	Heber J. Grant,
Joseph M. Tanner,	George Teasdale,
Hugh J. Cannon,	Andrew Kimball,
Joseph F. Smith,	John W. Taylor,

AIDS TO THE BOARD.

L. John Nuttall,	James W. Ure,
John F. Bennett,	John M. Mills,
William B. Dougall,	William D. Owen,
Seymour B. Young,	

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Levi W. Richards,	John M. Mills,
Geo. D. Pyper,	

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

John M. Mills,	John F. Bennett.
Hugh J. Cannon,	

COMMITTEE ON BADGES AND MEDALS.

Thomas C. Griggs,	Geo. D. Pyper,
Joseph W. Summerhays,	

COMMITTEES ON AWARDS:

HYMN.

John Nicholson,	J. H. Paul,	Geo. H. Brimhall.
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MUSIC.

Arthur Shepherd,	Anthony Lund,	Squire Coop.
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COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Thomas C. Griggs,	Geo. D. Pyper,
Wm. D. Owen,	

COMMITTEE ON SUNDAY SCHOOL HISTORY.

George Reynolds,	Levi W. Richards.
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COMMITTEE ON PRINTING.

Joseph W. Summerhays,	Thomas C. Griggs,
Geo. D. Pyper,	

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

Joseph W. Summerhays,	Geo. D. Pyper.
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USHERS AND COMMITTEE ON ORDER.

James W. Ure,	L. John Nuttall,
George B. Margetts,	Chas. J. Thomas,
Alonzo Young,	Wm. Bradford,
Miles A. Romney,	J. W. Saunders,
Wm. N. B. Shepherd,	Wm. H. Anderson,
R. H. Hodge,	H. B. Clawson, Jr.,
E. N. Taylor,	O. D. Romney,
John L. Johnson,	Wm. R. Jones, Jr.,
Thomas H. Evans,	John W. Boud,
Wm. Stevenson,	J. W. Fox, jr.

DAUGHTERS OF MEMBERS OF FIRST SCHOOL.

Mary Alice Cannon,	Emily H. Cannon,
Maggie Peart Cardall,	Vilate Peart,
Sarah Peart,	Frone Peart,
Mina Cannon,	Mrs. Chas. M. Cannon,
Ann M. Cannon,	Hattie Burns Cannon,
Mary M. Cannon,	Leonora M. Cannon,
Alice Cannon,	Elizabeth R. Cannon,
Mamie Price,	Alfaretta Best,
Libbie Best,	Carrie Best.

Our Little Folks.

THE POTATO BABIES AND HOW THEY GREW.

ONE day last fall, when the children were at Grandma's, it began to rain. Grandma always had something laid away for a rainy day. After breakfast, the twins, Tommy and Daisy, got hold of Grandma's hands and led her to the cupboard. She laughed, and said she was Old Mother Hubbard, going to the cupboard to get six little doggies a bone. She reached up to the top shelf and took down two boxes, one large and one small.

What do you think was in the large one? Little tiny potatoes. And in the small one? Burnt matches, with the ends rubbed on sand-paper to make a point. Grandpa had thought of the children when he dug his potatoes, and had saved all the little ones—the "pig potatoes"—for them, and Grandma had thought of them, too, and saved all her burnt matches.

The children gathered around her now and watched her make a potato baby. First the head must be fastened on. This was done by sticking one end of a match into a small potato, and the other end into a larger one—for the body.

After that she stuck two matches in for legs, and two for arms; and there was a man all doped. Then, when she had shown them how to make a horse and a cow, Grandma went back to her work and left them.

They had a good time, making men and horses and cats and dogs. The rain got all through raining, the sun came out, and the grass was dry before they thought of stopping. At last the dinner-

bell rang, and they laid the potato babies away for another rainy day.

Now comes the funny part of the story. The potato dollies lay quietly in their dark box for three long months; then the children were all there again, and wanted them to play with. Grandma brought the box down—opened it—and what do you think they saw? The potato babies had begun to grow. Their bodies were dry and shrunken. Out of every one came long white roots that looked like horns and arms and tongues and tails.

They looked so funny that the children laughed and laughed till all the mamas and aunts and uncles came in to see what was the matter. Auntie May made a picture of them the very next day, just as they came out of the box.

Union Signal.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The song-birds are flying,
And southward are hieing,
No more their glad carols we hear.
The gardens are lonely,—
Chrysanthemums only
Dare now let their beauty appear.

The insects are hiding,
The farmer providing
The lambkins a shelter from cold.
And after October
The woods will look sober
Without all their crimson and gold.

The loud winds are calling,
The ripe nuts are falling,
The squirrel now gathers his store.
The bears, homeward creeping,
Will soon all be sleeping
So snugly, till winter is o'er.

Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over;
The snow-clouds are up in the sky



GATHERING NUTS.

All ready for snowing;
 Dear Autumn is going,
 We bid her a loving good-by.
Emilie Poulsson.

MAUD AND FANNY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 575.)

You are watching breathlessly for Fanny's feet to slip, and let her pitch head foremost into the well, on top of Willis! That was one thing that might have come to pass, but didn't. The little feet retained their position on the edge of the well, and something else happened. The strength of the children's hands gave way, after a vigorous pull; their fingers unclasped, and the boy fell to the bottom of the hole again, sprawling on his back. He was not much hurt, as the ground was not hard nor the hole deep. But he was jarred, disappointed, and angry. So he kicked and blubbered, making a great fuss, which quite frightened little Fanny.

"What if it should kill him? What would I do? Dear! Oh dear!" were the terrible thoughts and feelings which passed through the little girl's mind and heart, as she saw the boy's writhing and heard his roaring at the bottom of the well.

Maud, who had been calling to Fanny to come on, ran back to see what was the matter, and found her sister pale and ready to cry. But when she heard all about it, and saw Willis' antics, Maud laughed, and that made Fanny laugh too.

"Get up, and behave yourself, Willis," said Maud, and I will go and tell your Aunt Josephine, she's over there with the baby. She will get you out."

Willis' Aunt Josephine was one of the "big girls," twelve or thirteen years old,

perhaps. She was over by the "big swing" with her sister's baby. Nell, another big girl, had been swinging too long, or too hard, and had fainted. It was that which had caused the excitement that attracted the children from the well, as already mentioned.

Josephine was talking with the others, and did not listen to the little sisters' story about Willis in the well for some time. When she did pay attention to them, she scolded them unreasonably for Willis' being in the well, although they were not in the least to blame. They did not feel very bad about her scolding, however, for they were becoming interested in Nell and those about her.

"Why don't they lay Nell backward, instead of letting her droop forward that way?" asked Maud, who had been present once or twice where others had fainted, and had noticed how they were treated by older people. "And why don't they get some cold water and wet her face and rub her hands?"

The larger children had not thought of those things until they were spoken of by the little girl, but Maud's sensible suggestions were repeated, by one and another until they reached those who had hold of Nell, and were acted upon. Very soon afterwards the girl revived and sat up. She did not feel like playing any more that day, but was taken home in a short time.

The account of Nell's fainting was repeated in the different homes of the children who witnessed it, in different ways. This one and that one were given credit for the help they had rendered, but no one thought about little Maud having told them what to do.

That is the way many things go in this world. A bright thought flashes into some one's mind, it is dropped

from the tongue, caught up by some one else, passed hastily along from one to another, until it finally reached some one who is ready and able to work out the plan suggested. And it often happens that the one who first gave rise to the thought is lost sight of, and never given the least credit for having spoken the first word concerning it.

By this time, you are wondering whether "Aunt Josephine" went to Willis' rescue and helped him out of the well. Or if he had to stay there a very great while. It did seem a long time to him, poor little boy! But his aunt went at last and jerked him out, not very gently, and gave him a good shaking and scolding for being in such a place; and she was rough in brushing the dirt out of his hair and off from his clothes. And yet, that "Aunt Josephine" had been one of the worst little girls to make mud pies and play in the water and dirt only a few years before. She had likely forgotten all about it though. But older children should not forget such things; and they should sympathize with, and be good to younger ones.

Maud and Fanny did not think well of Josephine for the way in which she treated Willis. They thought her an unpleasant and unkind girl.

A few days after the play in the grove, Fanny met with a slight accident, which might, however, have been a serious one. Her mother was skimming milk, and had left the door to the milk cellar open. The cellar was a large, deep room under the kitchen. Quite a long flight of steps led down into it.

Fanny was a great lover of new milk and cream. She was following her mother about, and teasing for cream, when she walked backwards through the cellar doorway, and fell down, down, down into the cellar.

Her father, who sat in the room conversing with an Indian, reached the bottom of the cellar nearly as soon as Fanny did. He almost flew after her, and brought her up the steps to find only a few slight bruises on her. Then she laid upon her father's lap and went to sleep, listening to his talk with the Indian, who was telling of a war which his tribe was preparing for with the Snake Indians. His name was Tab-boonie, and he was a Ute.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

For Recitation.

Lean Betty was a tonguester
Of note in olden time,
And just to teach a moral
I'll deck her out in rhyme.
I cannot praise her beauty,
For she had none at all;
I cannot laud her virtues,
Because they were so small.

However, she was married
To Long John, lank and cute,
Who mostly held her even
In wrangling and dispute.
One night, not far from midnight,
From slept Lean Betty 'woke,
And hearing Long John snoring
She gave his side a poke.

"Wake up, Lanky! and hear me!
For I have thought a thought!
If I should find ten dollars
A young cow might be bought!"
"So, so!" said John, "and after,
If she should raise a calf,
Of all the milk and butter
I should eat fully half!"

"The milk is not for you, John;
The calf must have all that,
For when we wish to sell it
It must be big and fat."
"Oh, surely!" said the husband
"But then what milk I drink
Will not make any difference
To cow or calf, I think."

"It may or may not, Lanky,
 But I'll not have it done!
 Of all the milk my cow gives,
 You, Long John, shall have none.
 You cowless beggar, tell me
 Where you learned aught of cows?
 Milking the little lean goat?
 So poor it calls the crows!

"Now, if I find the money
 Then I the beast shall buy;
 And if a calf comes after,
 If that's not mine, say why."
 "Now hold your tongue, you vixen.
 Or I'll pinch off your nose!"
 "Whipsnapper! sneak!" cries Betty.
 "Must we then come to blows?"

"I may not find the money,
 Then we shall have no cow;
 And if no cow no calf, John,—
 We are two fools, I vow!"
 Then Long John, less reflective,
 Sat grimly up in bed—
 "But if you do, Lean Betty;
 I'll drink the milk," he said.
Emma Rood Tuttle.

TWO HAPPY THOUGHTS.

FROM far-away Ceylon comes a funny little story. A tea planter who had a glass-eye was desirous of going away for a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that as soon as the natives who were at work on the plantation heard that he was gone they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the men worked industriously, but at last one of them, seizing his tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree

and gently placed it over the eye. This done, they all lay down and slept sweetly until sunset.

LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

THE largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is two hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is one hundred and nineteen feet in circumference.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

PARK VALLEY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I like to read the letters from the girls and boys, and thought I would tell you about a pet wild cat that we had. It was about three or four week old when my brother captured it. He carried it home in his coat pocket, and we fed it milk and rabbits. It would play with us just like the tame cats. But when it was about two months old we had to keep it chained up, or it would catch the chickens.

Maria Burton, age 8 years.

LOA, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: When my little niece was fifteen months old she fell in a stream of water near the house.

When her mama found her she seemed quite dead. My mama worked with her and sent for Patriarch Blackburn who administered to her, and after a long time she came too. We think it was through the blessings of the Lord that she lived. I was eight years old in June.

Florence J. Forsythe.

MESA CITY, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and love to read the little letters. We have lots of nice fruit and nuts here. I was nine years old the 21st of June. I have two little sisters and a baby brother. We love to go to Sunday School and Primary.

Laura Bee Rogers.

OAKLY, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: At the close of our school year, we had a very nice time. We met at the school house and enjoyed a program consisting of readings, recitations, singing and remarks. After the program, teachers, pupils and friends stepped outside the schoolhouse and had our picture taken. Then came picnic, and after that a dance. Brother D. A. Harding of Willard City, Utah, and Sister Lucinthia Robins of Oakly, Idaho, were our teachers, and they were very much liked.

Franklin Dewey Robinson,
age 10 years.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, ALBERTA,

CANADA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have been reading some of the nice little letters, and I think I will write one. I will tell of our journey up here from Utah. We lived at Fairview, Sanpete Co. On the 13th of June we left there to come to

Canada. We enjoyed our trip very much until we got within one hundred miles of Cardston. Then we lost one of our best horses, which made us feel very sorry for awhile. We had real good roads all the way, and saw many pretty flowers peeping their heads above the tall grass. We reached Cardston on the 30th of July, which was Saturday. The next day we went to Sunday School and enjoyed it very much, for we had not been to one before for seven weeks. The people were very kind to us. A week after we had been to Cardston, the young folks came to our camp and sung for us, and we had a very pleasant time.

Maggie Terry, age 12 years.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX. I went with Papa to Park City, Midway, Wanship, and Heber. On our way to Heber from Park City we had to go around a mountain, the road was only wide enough for one wagon. On one occasion we met with a heavy team. Our buggy being the lightest, we backed up to a hollow in the mountain so that the team could pass. The reason we could not pass without stopping was that there was a mountain one side and a river on the other.

Agnes L. Felt, age 11 years.

CHILDREN'S INFLUENCE.

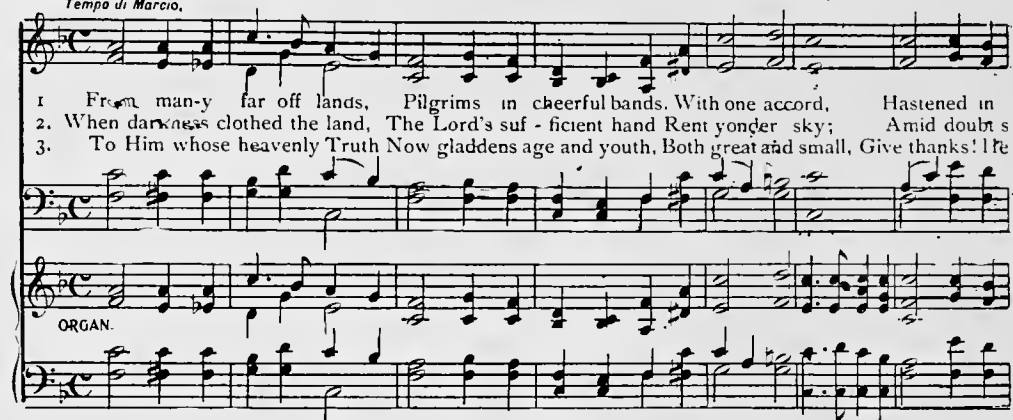
OH, children! full of sunny, guileless glee,
You are the loveliest things on earth to me.
You are my flowers—and blooming at my feet,
Regale my soul like precious incense sweet;
My birds—that flit about and ever bring
Fresh, hopeful gladness, with the songs you sing;
My angel—whose pure presence helps me see
How true, how good, how perfect I should be.

Lula.

ZION'S SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE HYMN.

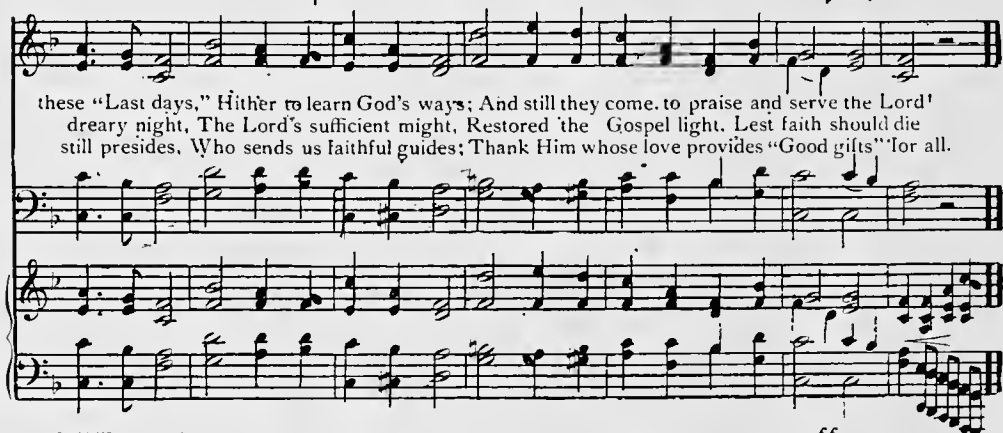
Words by Emily H. Woodmansee.
Tempo di Marcio,

Music by W. Daunt Scott.

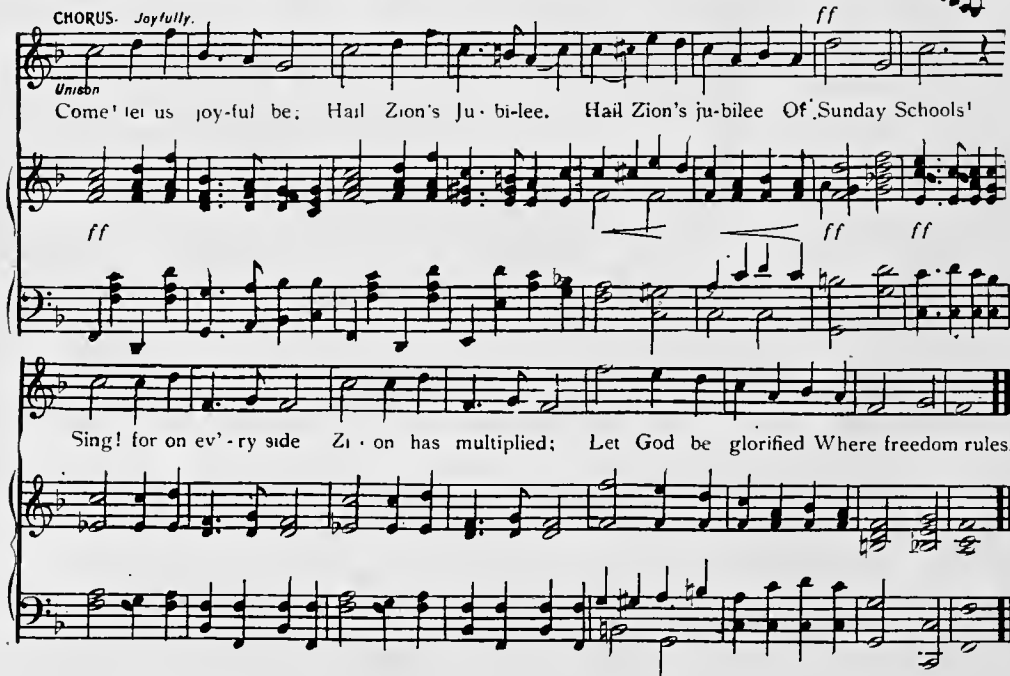


1 From man-y far off lands, Pilgrims in cheerful bands. With one accord, Hastened in
2. When darkness clothed the land, The Lord's suf - ficient hand Rent yon- der sky; Amid doubt's
3. To Him whose heavenly Truth Now gladdens age and youth, Both great and small, Give thanks! He

ORGAN.



these "Last days," Hither to learn God's ways; And still they come, to praise and serve the Lord'
dreary night, The Lord's sufficient might, Restored the Gospel light. Lest faith should die
still presides, Who sends us faithful guides; Thank Him whose love provides "Good gifts" for all.



CHORUS. *Joyfully.* *ff*

Unison
Come! let us joy-ful be; Hail Zion's Ju-bi-lee. Hail Zion's ju-bilee Of Sunday Schools!

ff *ff* *ff*

Sing! for on ev'-ry side Zi-on has multiplied; Let God be glorified Where freedom rules.

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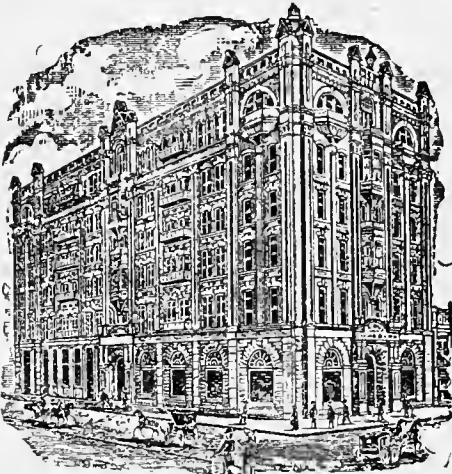
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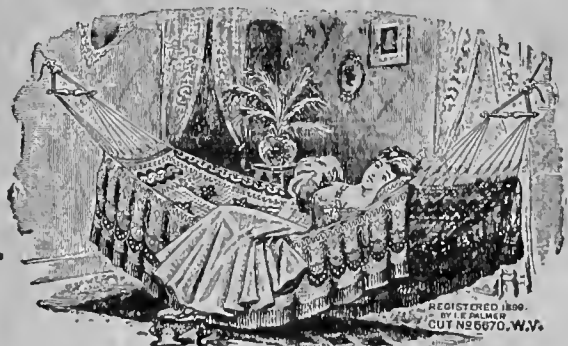
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